

The Musical World.

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COVENT GARDEN PROMENADE CONCERTS.

Next Saturday night Messrs A. and S. Gatti resign their leasehold of Covent Garden Theatre until the preparations for the Christmas pantomime are impending. Meanwhile they try to make their concerts more and more interesting by the engagements of fresh artists and the introduction of fresh music. Each successive programme contains something new, or, at any rate, something that has not been previously heard since their commencement. The orchestra must be taxed beyond measure; and yet they are invariably exact, and an inferior rendering of any composition of merit or importance, native or foreign, is a rare phenomenon. The entertainments last week were no exception to the rule, but, on the contrary, enforced it. The programme on the "Mendelssohn Night" was not only interesting as respects choice of materials, but judiciously made out so as to avoid the wearisomeness too often resulting from an excess of good things. Had it been only on account of the symphony in C minor, the first work of its kind from the pen of Mendelssohn ever heard by an English audience, and containing a slow movement which is pure melody and harmony from beginning to end, the selection would have been welcome. To this, however, were added the *Rondo Brillante* in E flat for piano and orchestra (composed in 1834), the character of which fully bears out its title, with the overture, *scherzo*, *notturno*, *intermezzo*, and "Wedding March" from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Mr Charles Hallé played the leading part in the *Rondo*, how well may be easily imagined. A word of special acknowledgment, however, is due to Mr Radcliff for the fluent and artistic manner in which he executed the very difficult flute passage at the end of the *scherzo*, and to the gentleman who performed the *obbligato* horn, which may stand for the singer's part in the tuneful *notturno*. His name should have been mentioned in the bills, so that the audience might know to whom they were indebted for such legitimate phrasing on an instrument by no means easy to handle, where a long sustained melody has to be delivered. But the whole of this enchanting music was well given, even to the *intermezzo* in A minor, which, if the phrase may be allowed, is the most "fidgety" movement of the series. The two charming part-songs, "Greeting" and "Autumn," sung with genuine expression by Miss Mary Davies and Mme Patey, further enriched the programme and made the "Mendelssohn Night" an event to look back at with satisfaction.

The "Classical Night" had also attractive features, the most attractive of all being the 12th of the symphonies composed by Haydn for the famous "Salomon Concerts," which, though presented in its entirety for the first time before a "Promenade" audience, is so familiar to all who care for such true music and can estimate it at its value, as to absolve us from the duty of saying more than that it was admirably given by the orchestra and thoroughly appreciated by the audience. Niels Gade's smoothly written and symmetrically shaped overture, "Im Hochland," began the first part with a placidity widely contrasted with the cheerful spirit of Haydn's symphony which brought it to an end. The enthusiastic estimate of this Danish musician expressed by Mendelssohn in a letter to Fanny Hensel (his sister), and again to Gade himself, almost simultaneously, when the symphony in C minor was produced at Leipzig (1843), has hardly been justified by subsequent performances, and assuredly not in the overture, "Im Hochland." The other instrumental pieces in the opening part of this programme consisted of the ballet music from Gluck's *Iphigénie en Aulide* and Schumann's pianoforte concerto in A minor. One of the ballet-pieces of Gluck was the *Danse des Esclaves*, attributed in the bills to "Tamburini," the only explanation for this curious printer's error being that the final movement is entitled "Tambourin," and that this must have somehow got jumbled up in the manuscript copy with the *Danse des Esclaves*. Mr Hallé played the Schumann concerto in a manner that would have pleased Mme Schumann herself. "Let the bright Seraphim," sung by Miss Anna Williams (trumpet, Mr Ellis), and Schubert's *Erl King*, by Mr Santley (accompanied by Mr Thouless), completed the first part of this "classical" programme. The first was deservedly applauded, the last as deservedly encored—a heavy tax both on singer and pianist. The "English Night," which began with a very clever overture in E major and minor, entitled *A Winter's Tale*, by Mr A. Burnett, the talented leader of the orchestra and Mr Cowen's assistant-conductor, included the *andante* (in E flat), from a symphony in B flat by Miss Oliveria Prescott (a pupil of Professor Macfarren's), Sterndale Bennett's *Caprice* in E major for pianoforte and orchestra, and an overture (in D) by Mr William Shakespeare, who once studied at the Royal Academy of Music under its late regretted chief. It also comprised the "Elfin Page" (*scherzo*), and "Triumph of Cranstoun" (*finale*), from Mr J. F. Barnett's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, besides vocal pieces from Bishop, Miss Maude V. White, and Benedict, contributed by Miss Orridge, Mr Santley, and Miss Mary Davies. All this looked well and promising for our English school. Mr Shakespeare's overture,

despite its occasional leaning towards Mendelssohn and Bennett, is the work of a true musician, entitled to a place in any programme, and Mr Hallé's highly-finished execution of Bennett's spontaneous and masterly *Caprice* (a *caprice* in the most perfect order, by the way, and therefore singularly styled) was the distinguishing feature of the selection. About the so-called "Humorous night" (the greatest success of the season), it might be reasonably said that the "humour" came from where, in all probability, it would have been least expected. The transcendental humourist on this occasion was Mozart, whose *Musicalischer Spass* cast Romberg's *Toy Symphony* entirely into the shade. The composers and the amateur players of whom the great musician makes such genuine fun may have been just as he paints them—doubtless were, in fact; but we know nothing of them, and must content ourselves with admitting that the satire holds just as well now as it could have done at the time in which it was written. Such wit and humour cannot pass unobserved, and so the performance, in all respects praiseworthy, kept the audience in a continued state of hilarity, which broke forth into roars of laughter when Mr A. Burnett, towards the end of the *adagio*, played with admirable nonchalance that wonderful *cadenza*, in which, as though utterly unconscious that he was doing anything wrong, he went clean out of the key of C, substituting sharps for naturals, and leaving off out of tune in proportion. The other blunders were thoroughly well expressed, the horns (the only wind instruments in the score) being exquisitely unconscious in their various wrong-doings. The whole piece known in England as "The Village Musicians—a Musical Joke," was capably played and a ceaseless source of amusement. After it the *Toy Symphony* of Romberg, performed, as it may be remembered, last May in St James's Hall, by a number of distinguished musicians before the Prince and Princess of Wales (for a charitable purpose) was nowhere. The other "humorous" pieces in the programme were not, in a musical sense, humorous at all. There is certainly no humour in Glinka's *fantasia* on Russian airs, still less in the "Humorous Meditation on a German air"; while the parody on Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" is a pointless absurdity. The excerpt from Weber, announced as "Turandot-caprice on a Chinese melody," is no "caprice" at all, but simply his overture to the ballet of *Turandot*, and should have been announced as such. About the "Farewell" (Abschied) symphony of Haydn, the *presto* and concluding *adagio* alone of which were performed, the history is familiar to all amateurs, and needs no further reference. A more effective climax to the "humorous" part of the concert could hardly have been found; and we are bound to say that the members of the orchestra, as, one by one, they extinguished their lights and walked away with their instruments (Mr Cowen, the conductor, when left alone in his glory, last, not least), showed themselves comedians perfectly up to the spirit of the jest. It was a mistake to introduce vocal and instrumental music of a wholly different character into this special part of the programme.

The great attraction of Saturday night's concert was the justly famous Russian pianist, Mme Annette Essipoff, whose reception shows that she stands high in the estimation of the London public. Mme Essipoff played Mendelssohn's G minor concerto (without book) in the most brilliant style. Not the least noticeable feature in her performance of this most popular of all concertos was her deeply-felt and exquisitely delicate reading of the slow movement. The final *rondo* was wonderful, alike for its spirit and unerring mechanism. In the second part Mme Essipoff gave one of Chopin's most expressive *nocturnes* and the extremely difficult "*moto perpetuo*" from Weber's sonata in C major with equal success, being unanimously called back, as after the concerto. Her success was as complete as it was thoroughly merited. Mr Viotti Collins, one of our ablest violinists, played Paganini's *andante* (*Mosé in Egitto*) and *rondo*, with variations "on the fourth string," with distinguished success. The second part of the concert began with an orchestral *fantasia* called "Honoris" (why "Honoris?"), by Mr R. Smith, in which solos for the cornet and ophicleide were assigned to those practised exponents, Messrs Howard Reynolds and Hughes. The vocal music, contributed by our great contralto, Mme Patey, Mr Edward Lloyd, and Arthur Oswald, was excellent of its kind. Mr Lloyd, an especial favourite at these entertainments, introduced a graceful new song by Mr Hargitt, entitled "A Parting Gift," which seemed much to the taste of the audience. Mme Patey was encored in Sir Julius Benedict's "Sad Sea Waves" (*Brides of Venice*), but discreetly declined to accede to the demand. Mr Lloyd, however, less coy, being encored in Sullivan's "Once Again," returned to the orchestra and substituted "Sally in our Alley." Mr Hamilton Clarke's "Selection" from *The Pirates of Penzance*, which came late in the evening, seemed to please as much as ever.—*Times*, Sept. 21.

Messrs A. and S. Gatti's too short season comes to an end this evening, with a special performance for their benefit. Two import-

ant events have occurred since our last reference to these concerts—the “Humorous Night,” so called, and the engagement of M^{me} Annette Essipoff, not only Queen of Russian pianists, but of all Russian pianists the very best. M^{me} Essipoff appeared on Saturday, and every night since. She has given specimens of her exceptional talent, not merely in those brilliant pieces of Liszt, &c., in the execution of which she has no superior, but in the expressive *nocturnes* of Chopin, the *Lieder ohne Worte* of Mendelssohn, &c., and works of higher importance. Her execution, for instance, of Mendelssohn's G minor Concerto on the evening of her *début* was as near perfection as could be imagined. The most finished of all her performances, however, was that on Wednesday, when she gave the trying and difficult Concerto in A minor of Schumann (without book, as usual), in a manner we have never heard surpassed—rarely, indeed, equalled. There is an indescribable charm in this accomplished lady's playing, not only derived from the lightness and elasticity of her touch, or the unfailing correctness of her mechanism, each admirable in its way, but from the unostentatious simplicity and grace of her phrasing, which, without a hint at exaggeration, gives fullness of satisfaction to the most cultivated ear. Add to these a tone which is music itself, joined to an easy mastery of the gradation of intensity possessed by very few, and we have pianoforte playing which may justly be styled consummate. That M^{me} Essipoff stands high in favour of the public is shown in the unanimous applause bestowed upon her performances night after night, and the frequent encores exacted from her. That her appearance among us has conferred unwonted *éclat* upon the end of the season is equally undeniable. The “Humorous Night” has been so aptly discussed by our daily contemporaries that little remains to say. A more thorough success could scarcely have been thought of for a programme wholly original. It is satisfactory, however, to be able to say that on each occasion the loudest applause has been bestowed upon the finest pieces, and that Mozart's *Musicalische Spass* and Haydn's symphony, *Abschied*, have been foremost in the estimation of the audience. With the origin of Haydn's symphony (from which only the *presto* and final *adagio* were selected) all amateurs are acquainted; but the work of Mozart was to not a few of them more or less of a revelation. Here we find wit and humour combined, with the happiest results. The *Toy Symphony* of Romberg had no chance by the side of this, though fairly good music of its kind. With the exception of Weber's singular overture to the ballet of *Turandot*, constructed upon a so-styled Chinese melody, which the composer of *Der Freischütz* must have been at some pains to make symmetrically melodious, the remaining pieces hardly come up to the standard of their companions. The eighth symphony of Beethoven (in F) was introduced on Wednesday, and this fulfilled the promise of the prospectus with regard to the six out of the nine orchestral masters of this magnificent composer. The *scherzo* from Schubert's Symphony in C (No. 9), and the ineffably graceful and impassioned concert-overture, *Melusina*, by Mendelssohn, were the other prominent features of this concert, the last, but by no means least interesting, of the “Classical” series. Mr Cowen's cantata, *The Rose Maiden*, was to be the leading feature of yesterday evening's concert, but of this we must speak next week.—*Graphic*.

TO “FLAMINGO,” ESQ.

SIR,—I have your writings perused with gratification considerable, and your opinion crave on the theosophy of Thomas (St) Aquinas, as also of Grotius (Hugo), his *Art of War and Peace*, the second Book, where he says, impertinently (though pertinently):—

*Quis justius induat arma
Scire nefas.*

Your admirer,
PETIPACE OF WINCHELSEA.

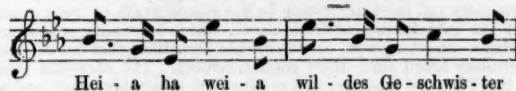
The Swarms.

M^{me} ESSIPOFF leaves London this morning for Hamburgh. Three or four days since a fog gathered, with the object of preventing her departure; but she dispersed it with a glance. The light of Annette cannot be put out by a fog. It shines like a glow-worm in the dark. “Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night, like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear.” Q.

[Oh! she doth teach the torches to burn bright.—Dr Blinge.]

Brown's Letters to Gueffier.

(Continued from page 593.)



LETTER VI.

My Lord,—The *aria di mezzo carattere* comes next to be considered. The subjects proper for this kind of air are many, and very different, its particular character being neither the pathetic, the grand, nor the passionate, but the pleasing. There may be an almost infinite variety of sentiments, very pretty and very interesting, which are not, however, of sufficient importance to be made the subject either of the *cantabile* or the *portamento*. The *aria di mezzo carattere* comprehends all such. From the great variety which this air of consequence embraces, as well as from the less emphatic nature of the sentiments to which it belongs, its general expression is not so determined as that of the former classes; yet, with respect to each individual air, the expression is far from being vague or dubious, and though some greater latitude be here granted to the fancy of the composer, nothing is given to his caprice, the sense itself of the words clearly ascertaining, in point both of degree and quality, the expression. The degree ought to be in exact proportion to the placidity or warmth of the sentiment, and its particular cast ought to be regulated by the nature of that passion to which the sentiment is naturally allied; for sentiments are but gentler degrees of passion. Thus, this class of airs, whilst it retains its own particular character, may, by turns, have some affinity with almost all the other classes; but, whilst its latitude is great in respect of variety, its limitations, with regard to degree, are obvious; it may be soothing, but not sad; it may be pleasing, but not elevated; it may be lively, but not gay. The motion of this air is, by the Italians, termed *andante*, which is the exact medium of musical time between its extremes of slow and quick. As the vocal part is never supposed here to be so beautiful and interesting as in the higher classes, the orchestra, though it ought never to cover the voice, is not, however, kept in such subordination to it; it is not only allowed to play louder, but may be more frequently introduced by itself, and may, on the whole, contribute more to the general effect of the air.

This kind of song is admirably well calculated to give repose and relief to the mind, from the great degree of attention and (with respect to myself, at least, I might say) agitation excited by the higher and more pathetic parts of the piece. They possess the true character which belongs to the subordinate parts of a beautiful whole, as affording a repose, not the effect of a total want of interest, but of an interest which they call forth of a different and more placid kind, which the mind can attend to with more ease, and can enjoy without being exhausted. I could wish it were in my power to give here three or four examples of this air, the more clearly to evince to your Lordship that this air, whilst it retains perfectly its own peculiar character, may sometimes approach, in its expression, the *cantabile*, sometimes the *portamento*, and sometimes the *parlante*—but having but one volume of *Metastasio* by me, I cannot make that selection of examples which I could wish. The following is from the sacred composition of the death of Abel; and, as your Lordship will observe, partakes of the nature of the *cantabile*. Abel speaks:

Quel buon pastor son io
Che tanto il gregge apprezza,
Che, per la sua salvezza,
Offre se stesso ancor.

(I am that good shepherd, who so loves his flock, that, in defence of it, he offers his own life.)

Conosco ad una ad una
Le mie dilette agnelle;
E riconoscon quelle
Il tenero pastor.

(I know one by one my pretty little lambs; and they, in return, know each their tender shepherd.)

Brown.

MEININGEN.—Subscription concerts will be given in November and December at the Ducal Theatre, devoted to Beethoven. The programmes will include his nine Symphonies, together with his other orchestral works of interest.

SARAH BERNHARDT.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

From smallest causes what tremendous effects may spring. When most of us are tired of fighting—be it principles or be it people—comes Mlle Sarah Bernhardt as a new Goddess of Discord, scattering provocatives to war and rumours of war all round. Never was there such a bellicose little lady of genius. Her distinguished predecessor at the Théâtre Français, Mlle Raucourt, was, it is true, quite involuntarily, in 1814, the cause of a very serious riot in Paris, which, by aggravating the unpopularity of the Bourbons, tended to hasten the return of Napoleon I. from Elba. It was around the bier of poor Mlle Raucourt that the Parisian mob fought, furious at the refusal of a reactionary clergy to allow the rites of the Church to be celebrated over the remains of a profane "comédienne." But Mlle Bernhardt—albeit one of her whims is to sleep in the lugubrious receptacle which our American cousins term a "casket"—is "vivante et très vivante;" and long may she continue to charm the world with her highly versatile talents—only in the caprice of her exuberant vitality she appears to derive an intense delight from making other people's lives a torment to them. After having fought the fiercest of battles with the director and "sociétaires" of the Comédie Française—a battle from which, although vanquished, she has arisen undismayed—she has, by her now famous Alsace-Lorraine utterances at Copenhagen, scattered terror and confusion among German Ministers, Plenipotentiary and Danish Ministers of State. It was not enough. Alexander sighed for more worlds to conquer; and the pugnacity of Mlle Bernhardt was apparently far from satiated by her having thrown Prince Bismarck into a passion. The dauntless Tragedy Queen is now at war with the Treasury Department of the Federal Government of the United States of America, as represented by the Customs authorities of the port of New York.

According to a Paris telegram, the "douaniers" of the Empire City have detained, as liable to duty, a consignment of forty-seven dresses, which the popular actress had despatched to America as "avant-coureurs" of her approaching visit to the States. With much indignation Mlle Bernhardt asserts that the forty-seven costumes are integrally part and parcel of her professional stock-in-trade. She defies the New York Custom House authorities and all that is theirs. She "protests," she appeals, she menaces; but nevertheless the New York Custom House stands firm, and we fear that, unless the strongest influence be brought to bear by the French Minister at Washington on Mr Secretary Sherman, Mlle Bernhardt will have to pay every cent of the probably considerable amount of dollars demanded as import duty on her forty-seven dresses before the embargo on her packing-cases will be removed. It need scarcely be pointed out that the American customs tariff is more oppressive even than that of Russia, and that the New York Custom House regulations are infinitely more vexatious than those which are in force on the Russian frontier. The New York searchers are so narrowly watched by detectives in plain clothes from Washington, that it is almost impossible for them to take the bribes which travellers are, as a rule, only too willing to give; whereas every Muscovite official, from the highest to the lowest grade, is easily accessible to the magic influence of paper roubles. It may be doubtful, however, whether, if Mlle Bernhardt were on her way to St Petersburg, the Russian officials would exact duty on her theatrical dresses. French actresses of distinguished rank in their calling are continually crossing the frontier on their way to fulfil engagements in the capital or at Moscow, and the "douaniers" have been accustomed these many years past to the sight of their vast trunks. In any case, even as a workman is entitled to the passage duty free of the tools which he uses in his trade, so it might be supposed should an actress be allowed to carry with her, free from Custom House exactions, the costumes and paraphernalia which are positively indispensable to the performance of her professional duties. But the likelihood is that the New York Custom House looks on Mlle Bernhardt's certainly extensive wardrobe from a purely fiscal point of view. They may contend that forty-seven dresses are too many to be worn by a lady whose repertory while she is playing in the States may not exceed a score of parts; but their chief contention may be that the costumes, or the majority of them, are new ones, and that the practice of endeavouring to pass perfectly unworn Paris-made dresses through the American Custom Houses has grown, is growing, and should, in the interest of native trade and commerce, be diminished. There is something in this potential contention. It is obvious that, if Mlle Bernhardt intends to play such characters as Phèdre, Andromaque, or Camille in *Les Horaces*, her dresses need only cost ten pounds a piece. A few yards of white muslin, a few gilt girdles and fillets for the hair and sandals for the feet, are all that would be required. Phèdre assuredly did not wear diamond bracelets, and the veritable sandals of Camille were probably of raw hide, secured by thongs. Mlle Bernhardt's illustrious prede-

cessor, Rachel, was the simplest of imaginable dressers. In Adrienne Lecouvreur she only wore one really splendid dress—in the green-room scene. Her costume as Roxane, in *Bajazet*, was a present from the French Ambassador at Constantinople, and had been bought in the Bezesteen for fifty Turkish pounds complete. But all that is now changed. Modern actresses, both English and foreign, are at present accustomed to wear dresses which have cost from a hundred to three and four hundred pounds a piece; and it is far from unlikely that, in the single part of Frou-Frou, Mlle Sarah Bernhardt has spent more on her attire than Rachel Félix spent in the course of a whole year on her dresses required for twenty characters.

The extraordinary outlay on feminine dress demanded, or apparently demanded, by the modern drama will form a curious chapter in the history of the stage, when such a history comes to be exhaustively written; and the vast sums spent by actresses, good, bad, and indifferent, on their garments, may be suggestively contrasted with the strict economy in the theatrical wardrobe department which formerly prevailed. When that staunch patron of the drama, Mr Samuel Pepys, Secretary to the Admiralty and Clerk of the Acts, went to "the King's House," he tells us in his "Diary" that he was met by Mrs Knipp, who took him into the tiring room, and into the "women's shift," where Nellie Gwynne "was dressing herself, and was all unready, and is very pretty—prettier than I thought," adds the impressionable Mr Pepys. "But, Lord!" continues the Clerk of the Acts, "to see how they were both painted would make a man mad, and did make me loathe them; and what base company of men comes among them, and how they talk! and how poor the men are in clothes; and yet what a show they make on the stage by candle-light is very observable." It may be remembered that Mr Pepys, prior to his wife growing furiously jealous of the fascinating vocalist at the "King's House," was continually giving his wife money to "lay out on Knipp" in the way of gloves and silk stockings; and it is probable that both Knipp and Mlme Nell to boot, with their multitude of more or less Platonic admirers, were enabled to make a very brave show. The players of that age were nevertheless so poorly paid that they would have presented but a very shabby appearance had it not been the practice for Royalty and the leading members of the nobility to make periodical presents to the players of the splendid dresses worn on birthnights at Court—costumes of velvet, silk, and satin stuff, with gold and silver embroidery. To prevent their gorgeous apparel being spoilt when in the course of the play an actor or actress had to simulate death, the traditional "green cloth" was laid down on the stage during the performance of tragedies in which the birthnight suits were used. As the custom of making these presents continued until the beginning of the reign of George III., some laughable sumptuary incongruities and anachronisms were naturally among the results—such as the appearance of Tamerlane in a cut velvet coat, small clothes of violet satin, and a powdered periwig, and that of the Indian Empress in a brocaded sack, a hoop, and high-heeled shoes. But in the days when the *dramatis personæ* were entirely dependent for their wardrobe either on the liberality of a generally economical management or on their own resources—and this state of things continued for nearly a hundred years—it was only actresses of the very highest rank who could afford to wear costly dresses. The salaries of very popular actresses of the second rank seldom exceeded six, and scarcely ever reached ten, pounds a week; the last a sum which the obscurest "ingénue" at a London theatre would think insufficient to buy a single skirt withal. Those were the days of plain white muslin frocks, of showy chintzes, ingeniously imitative of poplin or brocade, of satin "peel" as a substitute for real satin; or even, in country theatres, the courageous adoption, instead of satin, of glazed calico, which, under the mellow glow of the footlights, could scarcely be distinguished from the genuine article. If velvet were to be represented, cotton velvet or velveteen was employed; and if "ribbons, chains, and owches" were needed, the well-known "stage jewellery" was always and cheaply procurable. Not so much reform as radical revolution has taken place in this respect; and the ladies behind the footlights, when they appear in modern apparel, are usually more sumptuously dressed than the ladies in the audience. The forty-seven dresses of Sarah Bernhardt are not by any means an exceptional wardrobe at the present day. Our modern Knippes and Nellies would be fully able to compete with the admired French actress, so far as glorified gowns and petticoats go. And it is all real—the silks, the satins, the brocades, the lace, the feathers, and the gold and diamonds. Whether the acting is as genuine, it would be, perhaps, inexpedient to inquire.

[What a pity so brilliant an article as the foregoing should be built upon sand—or, like Bottom's dream, should have no bottom to slide upon!—Dr Blight.]

THE KEANS.

(From the "Athenæum," March 10, 1833.)

On Monday night Mr Kean made his first—and, from what we hear, it is much to be feared, his last appearance, in the same play with his son. The play chosen was *Othello*. Great debility was manifest in Mr Kean from the beginning, yet his pronunciation was careful and distinct, and his admirable conception of the part was as apparent as ever. In the third act his weakness increased; and it is a painful yet curious coincidence, that the last words he uttered with clearness were, "Othello's occupation's gone!" He attempted the fierce threatening of Iago which follows; but his voice failed, his head fell upon his son's shoulder, and, in obedience, to a suggestion from the audience, he was led from the stage. After a short pause, it was made known that Mr Kean could not possibly resume his part, and Mr Warde finished it. We were last week somewhat jocose upon Mr Kean's sudden illnesses and sudden recoveries, and we sincerely hope that the present case will not prove an exception to the rule. Mr Charles Kean did his best with Iago—and deserves every credit for so doing—but the depths of the part are beyond the reach of any man of his time of life. It is a proof of his good sense that he played it against his own wish. Miss Ellen Tree's Desdemona is by far the best we ever saw, and we have seen many. The illness of Mr Kean, the sympathy naturally excited, and the change of *Othello*, of course made against her; but with all these drawbacks her performance is entitled to rank as faultless. The natural eloquence of her earnest, impassioned, and touching appeal to *Othello* on behalf of Cassio, was enough to win a nod of approbation from Shakspeare's statue.

"It has been generally believed"—says "Almaviva," quoting the above half-a-century old criticism—"that the late Mrs Charles Kean did not meet her husband until after her return from America in 1839. So far is this from being the case, that Miss Ellen Tree was the Desdemona on the occasion of Edmund Kean's last appearance (as *Othello*), her future husband, Charles Kean, playing the part of Iago."

[The criticism which, with others of similar import, has been quoted and referred to more than once, has just now a special interest. Our contemporary is therefore to be thanked for reviving it.—D. T.]

THE BAYREUTH FUND.—Some time ago Hans von Bülow announced his intention of giving a series of concerts to raise 40,000 marks in aid of the Bayreuth Fund. Last year he forwarded 28,000 marks. In consequence of his neuralgic attack, however, he is unable to give more concerts at present; but, in order that the fund may not suffer, he has made up the deficiency—12,000 marks—out of his own pocket.

ROSE HERSEE IN *Rigoletto* (Correspondence).—As Gilda, the heroine of this sad story, Mme Rose Hersee has made another great success. In appearance she suits every requirement, and her intelligent acting imparts life-likeness to her performance. That she is a perfect vocalist we know from experience. "Caro nome" was sung beautifully throughout, but after the closing cadence with the prolonged trill, as Gilda leaves the balcony, the audience broke out into clamorous applause. The duet between Gilda and Rigoletto (Act II.) was one of the most affecting scenes—musically and dramatically—ever witnessed on the Melbourne operatic stage. The composer here expresses with irresistible force the agony of father and child already in the grasp of fate which pursues them to the death; and the interpreters, Mme Hersee and Mr Verdi, were more than equal to the situation. The audience, greatly moved, unanimously re-called both singers twice. Mme Hersee sang her part in the quartet of the last act with true dramatic expression, and, in fact, her entire performance was a legitimate triumph. As Zerlina, in *Don Giovanni*, the gifted English artist has been equally successful.—*Melbourne Argus*, July 21, 1880.

ST PETERSBURGH.—This capital already possesses a German, an Italian, and a French theatre, besides native establishments of the kind. The list is to be increased by the addition of an exclusively Jewish theatre, where the repertory, consisting of plays, in prose and verse, relating to historical Jewish subjects, including comic operas, will be exclusively from Jewish pens. The company will also be Jewish. The theatre is to open in November with *The Fanatic*, a comic opera by the manager, A. Goldfaden, a Jewish actor favourably known to Moscow.

OLIVETTE.

It was said of the comic opera, *Olivette*, produced at the Strand Theatre on Saturday night, "music by Audran," as it might have been said "by Offenbach" or "by Lecocq." Offenbach and Lecocq we know, but who is Audran? The question fairly demands an answer. Edmond Audran is the son of Marius Audran, the once famous singer of the Opéra Comique—he to whom Cherubini refused admission at the Conservatoire, because he would "never do anything," and who, five years later, sat as a judge within the gates that were locked against him as a pupil. The younger Audran was born in 1842, educated for a musical career in Paris, and settled at Marseilles in 1861, where he now holds the position of chapel-master at the church of St Joseph. He has written several works for the lyric stage, with no special measure of success. In 1862 appeared *L'Ours et le Pacha*, which had five representations, and was followed two years later by *La Chercheuse d'Esprit*, a one-act piece that met with better fortune. Another one-act operetta, *La Nivernaise*, ran eleven nights in 1866, but Audran's next venture, *Le Petit Poucet*, in three acts, appears to have been successful inversely as its pretensions. Between the production of this work and that of *Les Noces d'Olivette* at the Bouffes very early in the present year, there is no record of achievement, save in other departments than opera. Yet it would seem that the composer worked steadily on at the task of developing his powers. True, his Parisian debut was a failure; but, on the other hand, *Les Noces d'Olivette* had very little chance, under the circumstances, of its production, the principal character being allotted to a mere beginner, who dragged the opera down with her. Since then the French provinces have reversed the judgment forced upon Paris. *Les Noces d'Olivette* now enjoys a considerable amount of favour, the measure of which appears in the fact that the work has been thought worthy of adaptation to the English stage. Mr Farnie, from whose experienced pen the Strand version comes, has treated the original libretto of MM. Chivot and Duru with considerable freedom, at the same time taking care to preserve the framework of a plot which affords scope for many laughable situations, all growing naturally out of a single step taken by one of the characters in the first act.

Speaking generally of M. Audran's music, we would say that it has a certain character of its own. That character is not broadly marked, but while some pages are trite and others, so to speak, colourless, distinctive features may be discovered all the same. Much of the music pleases for the sake of melody which, though infantile in its simplicity, commands the ear by naturalness and engaging ease. As much might be said of the pervading style and manner of expression. M. Audran is always unaffected, and where not adequate to text or situation, through his musical instinct he does not labour to reach it by a painfully constructed musical scaffolding. This may be accepted as characteristic of all his work. He is not great at "ensembles," and uses them but sparingly; while in orchestration he restrains himself unduly, considering the proofs of taste and skill that occasionally appear. Whether M. Audran be, by nature, a lyrical rather than a dramatic composer, is a question we are disposed to answer in the affirmative. At any rate, there are some very pretty lyrics in this work, as, for example, Olivette's air, "The Convent slept"; a "Sob song" for the same character; the Countess's air with duet refrain, "I love my love so well," a little gem in its way; and her romance, "Nearest and Dearest." All these are likely to become as familiar in the home as in the theatre. The music, we may add, does not want for humour. We find this quality in the Duke's couplet, "Bob up serenely," and the "Torpedo Song," which may reckon upon becoming a great favourite. The most popular number in the work, however, is the "Farandole"—dance, song, and chorus—that winds up the second act. Encored three or four times on Saturday night, the theme of this piece will soon be whistled and played about the streets. Altogether very pleasant and agreeable music is that of *Olivette*. Even where it fails to satisfy, there is a certain *naïveté* which successfully pleads for mercy.

Under Mr Hiller's direction the performance on Saturday night ran its course smoothly, reflecting credit upon all concerned. That so sprightly and agreeable a piece, well mounted and well played, will take the humour of the town scarcely admits of doubt.—*D. T.*

Emil Steinbach, conductor of the Town Band, Mayence, takes the place of Dessoff at the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Karlsruhe.

Moscow.—Léo Delibes' *Jean de Nivelle* is being played, in a mutilated form, at a Café Chantant, called the Hermitage, without the permission of librettist or composer, neither of whom will receive a copeck from the pirate who has laid hands on the opera.

MUSIC AT THE UNIVERSITIES.

(From "Education.")

It is much to be regretted that at Oxford and Cambridge, although their respective Faculties of Music are of tolerably ancient date, there is no University School of Music at which undergraduates desiring to take musical degrees can put themselves through a regular and defined course of training. It is true that at either University a few good musicians can be found of whose private tuition men are able to avail themselves, but practically nothing is done by the University authorities in the way of providing a recognized curriculum for such as are desirous of preparing for the musical profession. Beyond prescribing the work to be done for the preliminary and degree examinations, the Universities have had little to say hitherto as to the mode in which the student is to acquire experience as well as technical efficiency. Residents at Oxford or Cambridge have no frequent opportunity of hearing standard orchestral works performed by first-class bands. In both the University towns there are very creditable amateur orchestras, but of these can hardly be expected the perfection of skill to be met with at the Operas, or at the Crystal Palace, and other important London concerts. When, therefore, any newly-made Doctor of Music is called upon to perform his degree-exercise at Oxford (the performance of the exercise is no longer required at Cambridge) he is compelled, at his own very serious expense, to engage the greater part of his orchestra in London, and convey them to the University. The time of professional orchestral players being very valuable, the candidate is constrained to hurry over the rehearsals, and hence it is that as a rule the exercise is imperfectly performed, and becomes at once an infliction upon the audience and a source of *chagrin* to the composer. We cannot see, therefore, what purpose of art these degree performances may be said to serve, unless it be to call attention to the lamentable lack of musical resources at the University.

Even in respect of Church Music, the ancient nursing-mothers of the Arts can boast but little. The Chapels of Trinity and King's at Cambridge, and of Magdalen and New at Oxford, still maintain their old reputation, but of the main body of College Choirs the less said the better. Very little interest appears to be taken in the college services or, indeed, in any musical matter, by the Heads and Fellows of Colleges in general, and as these together form the actual governing body of either University, we can hardly hope that the initiative steps towards reform will be taken by the Universities themselves. External pressure must be brought to bear upon them; they must be made to feel that the art of music has claims upon them which they are bound to treat with respect, and that they have little moral right to hold examinations in a subject to the study of which they give no practical encouragement. Each University possesses its Professor of Music; but neither professor is resident, and the duties of each are limited to about half a dozen lectures per annum and attendance at a half-yearly examination. It may reasonably be said that the Universities could hardly compel the residence of musicians of such eminence as Sir Frederick Ouseley and Dr Macfarren; but in such a case they should be prepared to pay for their indulgence in a luxury by appointing well-qualified deputies to look after the well-being of the art within University precincts throughout the year. The lectures should be as frequent and numerous as those in other departments of science; while the practical studies should be cultivated under the eye of competent authorities armed with the direct sanction of the University. With the latter object, each University ought to subsidise a small but complete and efficient orchestra, for the illustration of lectures and the performance of classical works. It is as absurd to expect music to be cultivated in any high degree *minus* these practical resources, as it would be to expect Astronomy to be studied without an observatory, or chemistry without a laboratory. Not until we hear of such steps being taken can we hope that Music will take its proper and ancient place among the Faculties, or its representatives hold a duly recognized rank in the "aristocracy of learning." While Sir Robert Stewart at Dublin, and Sir Herbert Oakeley at Edinburgh, are fostering by their presence and example the art and its interests at those Universities, English musicians have a right to ask for more downright earnestness and activity in the same direction at Oxford and Cambridge.

BLANK OR ———?

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—The lady referred to in my "holiday letter," which you did me the honour to publish in last week's *Musical World*, and whose name your printer ingeniously represented by a —, should have been spoken of as *Fräulein Blank*. I am not aware that Blank is less a German surname than Blanc is a French one. At any rate, Blank, whether her own or not, is the name by which this lady is known upon the musical stage. As she has appeared successfully in parts which certainly are not to be regarded as blanks, please let her have the full benefit of this correction.—Yours, &c., C. A. B.
Sydenham, 19th Sept., 1880.

MUSIC AND DRAWING.

(To the Editor of the "Times.")

SIR,—The Postmaster-General is reported in the *Times* of September 21, to have said, at a meeting to distribute the prizes gained in the Oxford and Cambridge Examinations in Salisbury, that "he should no more think of advocating that every one should study mathematics than he should of advocating that every one should be taught music or drawing." Clearly Mr Fawcett has no ear for music, and does not recognize its universal use in churches, chapels, in the army, in the theatre, in the homes of all classes, and as an instinctive recreation in all nations. Where education is most cultivated, music, as in Germany, ranks as an essential. Music has crept into our own Education code in an imperfect way, costing more than £100,000 a year. Then, as to drawing, it is next in use to writing, and even of more importance than writing in handicrafts. Mathematics rank next to arithmetic; but music and drawing, I protest, come into the very elements of education. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
HENRY COLL.
South Kensington, Sept. 22.

DROES FROM A WATER-BOOK.

IV.

F. M. B., because he went about with the "sweetest of smiles on his lips," had no heart; Schumann was so deep that F. M. B. could not fathom him:—therefore, Schumann *had* heart. Schumann was "subjective" (jargon), and F. M. B. "objective" (bosh). Schumann by his enthusiasm "cast Mendelssohn into the shade." Did he? Compare their symphonies now.

PAUL MOIST.

Mr Oberthür has been giving concerts at Creuznach, Schwalbach, Homburg, Kissingen, and Baden-Baden, the first four in conjunction with *Mdlle Natalie Carola*, who may be favourably remembered in England as a concert-singer. At Baden-Baden Mr Oberthür's success was marked. Herr Richard Pohl, in the *Leipziger Music-Zeitung* says:—

"Herr Professor Oberthür, from London, regarded as one of the first of living harpists, deserves the reputation he has gained. His playing is finished, his technique irreproachable, with all the effects specially belonging to the harp at command. He has also great merit as a composer. The repertory of the harp is not extensive, but Herr Oberthür has enriched it with many works. His first appearance in Baden-Baden was a genuine success. After the performance of his Concertino for harp and orchestra he was unanimously re-called. Some of Mr Oberthür's orchestral compositions were also performed, including his overtures to *Ruberzahl* and *Floris von Namur*, his "Legend" for orchestra and harp, entitled *Loreley*, &c."

BALFE'S PITTORE E DUCA.—Mor, or Moro, more commonly called "Sir Antonio" More, the hero of Balfe's Trieste opera—as yet unknown to this country, but which there are hopes may not long hence be introduced to us through an English version from an able and practised hand—was born at Utrecht in 1612. He was the favourite pupil of Jan Schoorel, and also studied in Italy. He painted portraits in England and Spain, settling finally in Brussels, where he enjoyed the patronage of the Duke of Alva. He died at Antwerp, about 1576-8. He was during his time one of the most noted painters in the Flemish school.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1880.

Annette Essipoff.

BETTER late than never! Annette Essipoff, pearl, diamond, emerald, amethyst, opal, Koh-i-Noor of Russian pianists, has been the shining star of last week's performances at the Messrs Gatti's. She has made Covent Garden lustrous all the time. No lights were wanted while Annette, with beamy bending eyes, sat at the piano and eloquently discoursed the music loved of *Nisley Peters* (Mendelssohn's), and the music loved of *Polkaw* (Schumann's). With Chopin, Liszt, and company she played as a cat (a beautiful, sleeky cat) with mice. Unhappily this most enchanting of Muscovites, once only, year by year, comes like a meteor and so departs. Oh! that some Merlin would transfix her! She might play Vivien with him, and the deep "nigromancer" would be grateful for the hours spent in her company, solacing his despair with the memory thereof. *Polkaw! Polkaw!* why wast thou not here to revel in this most sympathetic interpretation of thy Schumann? Thou wouldst have gone away demented, like Sir Pelleas, on leaving the presence of the Lady Ettarde. Then would I willingly have been thy faithless champion, Gawaine! Thy sword should have signified little. Thou might'st, my *Polkaw*, have departed with the Lady of the Lake. I would have remained with the Lady Ettarde. O. B.

The Humorous Night.

WE are obliged to Messrs A. and S. Gatti for the Humorous Night,—and also for the two repetitions thereof. We attended the second performance in company with Mr Nym, who, after Mozart's *Musicalische Spass*, said, so as to be heard all over the house:—"And that's the Humour of it."

No. 1.



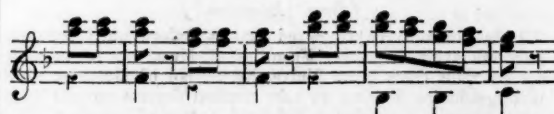
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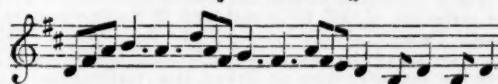
No. 4.



And that was "the humour of it," and the everything of it except Haydn's *Abschied* Symphony, which was the something of it. All the rest, except Weber's *Turandot*—ask Messrs Radcliff and Barrett (*Romeo and Juliet*)—was the nothing of it; and, as Nym would say, if unchanged and living—that's the *circumstantial* of it.

Theophilus Querc.

To Charles Santley.



MR SANTLEY, SIR,—I found myself in the crowd at Gatti's Concert on Wednesday night, and heard the above melody, sung, as it were, by a voice that proceeded from above. I asked a neighbour—"Who's singing?"—"SANTLEY," was his emphatic reply. Whereupon I was no longer surprised, but still more enchanted. Mr Santley, Sir,—give more of that melody from the Pierian fount, I pray you, and gratify your humble servant (who was haunted by it last night in his dreams),

JONATHAN QUINNE OF KENTUCKY.

The Lay of the Clerk.

"The Lay of the Clerk"—well, believe it or not, Was the wail of friend "Clement"—the critical "Scott."

*Gratia, Musa, tibi: Nam tu solatia præbes
Tu curæ requies, tu medicina mali.*

Πολλοὶ τραπέζῃσι οὐκ ἀγέλας φίλοι.

FLOLL OF THE OUT ISLES.

[I knew it by scent.—Dr Blinge.]

MISS BESSIE RICHARDS has returned from the continent, after a highly successful professional tour.

ERRATUM.—Miss Minnie Hauk has left Baden-Baden for Aachen (not Wiesbaden, as stated in our last week's impression)—expressly invited by the Queen of the Belgians.

HUMOROUS CONCERT.—There is a talk of three more performances of the Humorous Programme next week. We shouldn't wonder. Why not?

CAROLINE MONTIGNY JEANNE D'ARC RÉMAURY will arrive in England on the 2nd of October. The heroic French pianist (greatest of French pianists—*pace* M. Planté, *qui se plante ou Caroline est plantée*) is engaged in November for the Richter Concerts in Vienna. So much the better for the Richter Concerts.

COPENHAGEN.—The success of Mdlle Vanzandt has been confirmed beyond all expectation. She has really made a great "hit"—which is not always easy at Copenhagen. The theatre has been nightly crowded and tickets sold at double, sometimes treble, prices. At the most recent performance of *Mignon*, the Royal Family of Denmark, as well as the King and Queen of the Hellenes, were present, and sent their congratulations to Mdlle Vanzandt. The director of the theatre, M. Hallesen, has engaged the gifted young singer to appear three times more—twice as *Mignon* and once as *Zerlina*, which makes nine performances in all (at 1,000 francs for each performance).

Essipoff.



On Change.

DR SHIPPING (alone).—Essipoff has come! Where's Quince?

[Exit.

DR QUINCE (alone).—Essipoff has gone! Where's Shipping?

[Exit.

Covent Garden.

DR QUINCE.—Ah! Shipping—Essipoff Mendelssohn! (embraces Dr Quince.)

DR SHIPPING.—Ah! Quince—Essipoff Schumann! (embraces Dr Shipping.)

DR QUINCE.—Ah! Ah!

DR SHIPPING.—Ah!

MR F. H. COWEN (hard by).—Hall! Russell! These are madmen. Turn them out. Send for the police. Send for Radcliff and Barrett.

HALL and RUSSELL.—No, no. Radcliff and Barrett are as mad as they. It's Essipoff—Essipoff—Essipoff!

MR F. H. COWEN.—Well, I am not surprised!

DR SHIPPING.—I should like to see anyone turning us out.

DR QUINCE.—I shouldn't.

MR F. H. COWEN.—Fancy this on a "Humorous Night"!

DRS QUINCE and SHIPPING.—"Humorous" is good. Where's the humour of it—apart from Mozart and Haydn?

[Exit severally.

MR F. H. COWEN (brandishing his conductor's stick).—I should like to give them in charge.

MESSRS A. and S. GATTL.—By no means. They have paid their entrance money. [Exit to auditorium, to hear Beethoven "No. 8."

[MR A. GATTL.—This is the eighth?

MR S. GATTL.—Yes—in F.

MR A. GATTL.—How do you know?

MR S. GATTL.—Cowen has put it in the programme. I suppose he's right.]

DR QUINCE (symphony over).—Well played?

DR SHIPPING.—Yes—but Radcliff—

DR QUINCE.—Hush! Here's Essipoff (Mad. Essipoff plays Chopin).

DR SHIPPING.—Ah! the Ballad in A flat—good.

DR QUINCE.—Perfection!

DR SHIPPING.—Now the Mazurka—

DR QUINCE.—In C?

DR SHIPPING.—Yes. Why does she put in those unchopin-esque fioriture?

DR QUINCE.—She's an angel. She may do what she likes.

DR SHIPPING.—True—(both applaud loudly at the end).

DR QUINCE.—Chopin himself could not have played so exquisitely.

DR SHIPPING.—No—but he might have objected.

[Exit, re-applauding.

CONCERT.

ON Thursday evening, Sept. 16, Mme Pinard gave a concert at the Vicarage of St Michael and All Saints, North Kensington, by permission of the Rev. Edward Kerr Gray. The programme began with the scherzo from a trio (No. 5), for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, by the almost forgotten Fesca, to which the concert-giver, in association with MM. Wragg de Winton, did full justice. Mme Pinard also played Emile Prudent's Fantasia on Lucia, two Nocturnes by Chopin, Beethoven's trio in C minor (No. 3), again with MM. Wragg de Winton, Mozart's Sonata in G major, and Weber's Invitation à la Valse, for pianoforte alone. All these performances were received by the audience with a favour justly their due. Songs by Miss Frances Hipwell and Mme Willis, both students in the Royal Academy of Music, added to the attraction of the entertainment. Mr Hedley Carus accompanied.

PROVINCIAL.

BIRMINGHAM.—Mr Joseph Maas has been adding materially to his growing reputation, as a singer in the Handelian school, by his performance in *Judas Maccabæus*, at the first concert of the Birmingham "Philharmonic Union," of which Dr Swinnerton Heap is the able and zealous director. The local papers all speak highly of him, the *Daily Mail*, especially, in terms nothing short of enthusiastic. That Mr Maas has an enviable prospect before him is beyond a question, and his career will be watched with interest by all who care about the progress of native art. He aims at the highest honours, and doubtless, with perseverance, will win them.

PLYMOUTH.—The following works will be performed by the Plymouth Vocal Association, under the conductorship of Mr F. N. Löhr, during the coming season (fourteenth):—*Stabat Mater* (Rossini), *Messiah*, *Lily of Killarney*, *Naaman*, and a performance in Lent. This society has given just sixty concerts, during which selections were made from the subjoined repertory:—*Elijah*, *St Paul*, *Hymn of Praise*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Judas Maccabæus*, *Messiah*, *Samson*, *Israel in Egypt*, *Solomon*, "Handel Selections," *Acis and Galatea*, *Calvary*, *St Peter*, *Creation*, *Joseph*, *St John the Baptist*, Masses by Weber and Rossini, *May Queen*, *Ancient Mariner*, *God*, *Thou art Great*, *Lord of the Isles*, *Faust*, *Maritana*, and various miscellaneous concerts. All these works, one or two excepted, have been accompanied with full orchestra.

ROYAL SPA CONCERTS, HARROGATE.—The seventeenth week was marked by the engagement of Mme Anna Jewell, whose return to the concert platform we cordially welcomed. Her refined and artistic singing was greatly appreciated on the first evening. On Saturday, Sept. 11, the concert was for the benefit of the conductor, Herr Otto Bernhardt, and, at the conclusion of the first part, he was presented with a testimonial in recognition of the zeal and ability he has exhibited in the direction of these highly successful concerts. The present consisted of a handsome gold watch, chain and appendages for Herr O. Bernhardt, a gold bracelet for Mme Bernhardt, and a Bible for their son. These were accompanied by an illuminated address, bearing the signature of 105 subscribers.

FOLKESTONE.—The Misses Robertson's concert, on Monday, September 13th, under the conductorship of Signor Alberto Randegger, was a genuine success. The programme was attractive, and the Misses Robertson, favourites here as elsewhere, were heard to the greatest advantage. Miss Robertson's leading effort was "O come rapida" (*Il Crociato*), her execution of which gave ample proof that her reputation as mistress of the florid style had been legitimately earned. In "Second thoughts are best," a new and already popular song by Randegger, Miss Robertson elicited unanimous applause. Miss Fanny Robertson joined her sister in a duet ("Tyrolienne"), and gave Sullivan's "Lost Chord" in response to a demand for the repetition of a popular ballad. The other vocalists were Mr Ben Davies, who sang Blumenthal's "Message" with considerable expression, and Mr Barrington Foote. Miss Randegger (niece of a well-known and highly esteemed uncle) played two solos on the pianoforte, obtaining merited applause. The concert ended with Mr Caldecott's glee, "Humpty Dumpty." The programme, which equalled any previously offered to the Folkestone musical public, was just what might have been expected from a professor of such rank as Signor Alberto Randegger.

BRIGHTON.—A new organ, erected by Messrs Harper Brothers, of Brighton, for the old church, Shoreham, was opened on Saturday the 18th, by Mr Sydney Harper, organist and choirmaster of Trinity. The instrument comprises two manuals, seven stops, and complete pedal organ. Great organ: open diapason 8ft., lieblich gedact 8ft.; swell organ: keraulophon 8ft., flute 4ft.; pedal organ: bourdon 16ft.; couplers, swell to great, and great to pedals. It was presented to Shoreham Church by the Vicar. Miss K. Coldwell is appointed organist.—At the Royal Aquarium Offenbach's *Lisichen* and *Fritschen* has been given, with Mme Alice Barth as Lisichen, and more recently Mme Antoinette Sterling again charmed a large and appreciative audience. The choir of the Brighton and Sussex "Band of Hope," (500 strong) have made arrangements for a concert in the Dome of the Royal Pavilion.

THE WORLD.

The Drury Lane Advertisement says "there is but one opinion." Indeed! *Quot homines, tot sententiae*. Does the advertisement imply that only one person has seen the *World*? Or that the audience spoke on the subject as one man? Did it only pay as one man? But it's good all round, say Messrs Merritt, Pettitt, and Harris, the three men of the *World*.—[Punch.]

SCRAPS FROM PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

"Make haste slowly" is a piece of proverbial advice uttered centuries and centuries before the Greeks were troubled by the unspeakable Turk. It figures in *Valpy's Greek Delectus*, and a copy of that work with the above sentence carefully marked must form a portion of the permanent library at the Grand Opera, for if ever any persons in this world *did* make haste in the manner recommended, every manager as well as every other individual ever connected with the "first lyric theatre in the world" certainly have belonged and certainly do belong to their number. No matter who wields the managerial sceptre, the fact always remains the same. A long time back it was announced in these columns that M. Vaucorbeil intended to revive *Le Comte Ory* and produce a new Breton ballet, *La Korigane*, both of which pieces were in active rehearsal. The epithet: "active" may strike some readers as slightly tinged with sarcasm; but let it stand. M. Vaucorbeil did intend to do what was stated, and the rehearsals are going on with the same deliberate "activity" as ever. The public are now informed that both the opera and the ballet will "pass" on the same night in the early part of October. M. Vaucorbeil's more youthful patrons may put faith in this information, but the old *habitués*, whose hopes are tempered by experience, think that it would be foolishly sanguine to expect either opera or ballet till a considerably later date. They are no longer to be deluded. As the Spaniards say: *A perro viejo no hay tus, tus*. While on the chapter of future novelties, or quasi-novelties, it may be mentioned that M. Gounod has returned from his foreign trip to Belgium, and other distant climes, bringing with him several new pieces for his *Tribut de Zamora*, and that he has handed them over to M. Vaucorbeil. When, however, the *Tribut de Zamora* will see the light who can say?

Lassalle has come back to remain till the spring when he goes to Covent Garden, as per agreement, with the Messrs Gye. He opened in *Guillaume Tell*, and met with a gratifying reception. He would have re-appeared at an earlier date but for the indisposition of M. Mierzewski, which rendered the performance of Rossini's *chef-d'œuvre* for the time impossible. To meet the emergency, M. Vaucorbeil put up *Sylvia*, in which Mlle Sangalli, for the first time since her return from Italy, again delighted her Parisian admirers. Mme Krauss, too, has made her *réentrée* in the *Huguenots*. There was a new Marguerite, Mlle Clémentine de Vère, who, though French, comes from the other side the Alps. She first studied at the Conservatory of Florence, and then took lessons of Mme Albertini-Baucardé, pupil of Mme Unger, herself pupil of Mme Mainville-Fodor. She has a pleasing voice, and an agreeable personal appearance. The Marcel was also a newcomer: M. Giraudet from the Opéra-Comique, where he played Peters in *L'Etoile du Nord*, Friar Lawrence in *Roméo et Juliette*, and the Grand Priest in *La Flûte enchantée*. It was evident that he had studied the part of the old Huguenot soldier carefully.

M. F. Luckz has appeared as the King of Verdi's *Aida*.—M. Gailhard is laid up with facial neuralgia. To adopt the line in "Marlbrook," "*Ne sais quand il reviendra*."—At the Opéra-Comique *Jean de Nicolle* is attracting large houses. Auber's *Domino Noir* has been revived, with a new Brigitte, Mlle Molé, who carried off the prize in M. Ponchard's class at the last Conservatory examinations. Mlle Isaac, the Angèle, has found many admirers. Three one-act pieces—*Germaine*, by Théodore Lajarte, who many years ago produced at the Théâtre-Lyrique two successful works, *Mam'zelle Pénélope* and *Le Secret de l'Oncle Vincent*; *Le Bois*, by M. Albert Cahen, a young musician new to the lyric stage; and *L'Urne*, by M. Ortolan, an amateur lawyer and composer to boot, known to the Théâtre-Lyrique and Bouffes Parisiens. M. Carvalho reserves for a later period his important novelties: *L'Amour médecin*, by M. Poise; *Les Contes d'Hoffmann*, by J. Offenbach; and *Galante Aventure*, by E. Guiraud.

At the Nouveautés-Brasseur, a new piece, entitled *Le Voyage en Amérique*, bids fair to have a run, thanks not so much to its own merits as to the light and pleasing music of Hervé.—Capoul was here lately to arrange with Ullmann a concert-tour for next month. At the end of the tour, it is his supposed intention to retire to his estate in Languedoc (where he has 3,000 mules—Dr Blügg).—Prosper Pascal, Adolphe Leroy, and François Rousselot have died here recently. Pascal, about 55 at his

decease, will be remembered for his orchestration of the "Turkish March" in the French version of *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* at the old Théâtre-Lyrique. He leaves a grand opera: *Les Templiers*, never played. Besides being a musician, he was a man of letters and critic. The last ten or twelve years of his life were passed in a lunatic asylum. Adolphe Leroy, first clarinetist at the Opera, and professor at the Conservatory, died at the age of 53. Joseph Rousselot was known in days gone by as a first-class *virtuoso* on the horn. He died, aged 77, at Argenteuil. —The King of Portugal has conferred the Order of the Redeemer on M. Schnéklud, violinist, who composed a "Festival March" for the Camoëns Anniversary of last June.

A LETTER FROM BEETHOVEN.*

"Here, my dear, false poet, is the account of the Song. I myself paid fifteen kreutzers a sheet, but, as the theatre is *ein blutarmer Narr* (and I am not a grasper) I am content with thirteen kreutzers. Farewell, poet and aspirer. Your pardon; the paper is not a Jew, all the sharp-edged tools are in the country.—In haste, yours, BEETHOVEN."

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—The new Stadttheater will be opened on the 18th October, in presence of the Emperor Wilhelm, with a *Festspiel*, written expressly for the occasion. The opera will be *Don Juan*. The dramatic season will be inaugurated by a performance of Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell*, got up on a scale of appropriate magnificence. The 18th of October was selected for the opening, because it is the anniversary of the battle of Leipsic and the birthday of the Crown Prince.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG IN VIENNA.—Yesterday Miss Kellogg, a vocalist of high repute in England and America, appeared at the Imperial Operahouse as Leonore in Verdi's *Traviata*. In George Grove's *Dictionary of Music*, an excellent, and where English musicians are concerned, an indispensable manual, we find some interesting details about this lady. Clara Louise Kellogg was born in 1842, at Sumterville, South Carolina. She received all her musical education in New York, where she made her first appearance (as Gilda) in 1861. In 1867, she made, as Marguerite, her *début* in London, and that, too, was very successful. For some years following she sang as *prima donna* in Italian opera alternately in England and America, but in 1874 she resolved to form an English operatic company, and carried out her resolution with great energy. She herself superintended the translation of the librettos, the *mise-en-scène*, and all rehearsals—those of the members of the chorus as well as of the solo singers. So completely did she devote herself to the work, that in the one winter of 1874-75 she sang no less than 125 times. Her repertory comprises thirty-five operas. "As an artist she is thoroughly conscientious, full of enthusiasm, and possesses a pure soprano voice of agreeable quality and of extensive compass." Continuing what has been written by our English authority, and referring to Miss Kellogg's appearance in Vienna, we cannot speak otherwise than in terms of the warmest appreciation. Miss Kellogg is a vocalist of the first rank. Her great merit, however, does not so much consist in the virtuosity of her florid singing as in the genuinely musical feeling and the pure, incorruptible sense of the Beautiful, with which she renders even the smallest phrase. In this respect, she reminds one vividly of Mad. Patti. Unfortunately, the power and youthful freshness of her voice are not what they were. The voice is a *mezzo soprano*, in the upper notes still soft and pleasing; the low notes, however, are dull and doubtful, and the highest, beginning with B, will not bear forcing without becoming shrill. While wishing we had known her when her voice was in all its perfection, we cannot do otherwise than congratulate ourselves now on having made the acquaintance of so eminent and distinguished an artist. With Miss Kellogg we once more heard *singing*. From her lips, the rudest Veridian melodies flowed ennobled and softened-down. Mlle Stahl (Azucena) gave us the music in a concave mirror; Herr Labatt as Manrico had a very "leathery" evening; and so, except Miss Kellogg, Herr v. Bignio (Luna) is the only person we can conscientiously praise.—H.

* Supposed to be addressed to Treitschke, author of the libretto of *Fidelio*. The original is in the possession of Mr Alfred Blume.

† From the Vienna *Neue freie Presse* of Sept. 15.

MICHAEL IVANOVITCH GLINKA.

(Continued from page 601.)

Paris was only a halting-place in Glinka's journey. He wanted to see Spain, and his wish had been increased by Liszt's departure for that country. Glinka had long been preparing for a trip to the other side of the Pyrenees. In the early days, immediately after his arrival in Paris, when he went with dress-makers to the theatre, or played bezique with the actresses' mothers, his mornings were employed by him in learning Spanish. He made rapid progress in the language, and on the 1st June, 1845, the following notice was inserted in the *Gazette Musicale*:

"M. de Glinka, the Russian composer, whose elegant music and distinguished style have won for him a high position in the opinion of connoisseurs, has just left for Spain. He is gone, it is said, to study the musical physiognomy of the country, and draw inspiration from the genius of Castille, with the intention of bringing back with him to Paris, next spring, several instrumental fantasias bearing the impress of Spanish character."

Before proceeding further, we will here give the opinion entertained by Berlioz of Glinka's works, which Berlioz had carefully read in the orchestral scores. An entire *feuilleton* of the *Journal des Débats* was devoted (on the 16th April, 1845) to the Russian musician. It was reprinted as a pamphlet in Italy when *Life for the Czar* was performed in 1874 at the Teatro dal Verme, Milan. After a few general reflections on the taste of the Paris public, Berlioz gives a rapid biography of Glinka:

"In 1831," he says, "I met him in Rome, and, at a party given by our director, M. Vernet, I had the pleasure of hearing several Russian songs of his deliciously sung by Ivanoff. They struck me as characterised by a lovely melodic turn, completely different from anything I had ever heard before."

After describing the circumstances attending the performance of *Life for the Czar* and *Rossian and Ludmila*, the critic of *Les Débats* adds:

"Glinka's talent is essentially supple and varied; his style possesses the rare privilege of transformation at the composer's will, according to the exigencies and character of the subject he is treating. Glinka can be simple and even artless without ever stooping to employ any vulgar turn. His melodies contain unexpected touches and passages which charm us by their strangeness. He is a great harmonist, and writes for instruments with such care and such knowledge of their most secret resources as to render his orchestra one of the newest and most vivacious modern orchestras which can possibly be heard."

IX.

We will not follow Glinka on his journey to Spain. He brought back with him—and this is the only fact which interests us—two orchestral fantasias: the "Jota Aragonesa" and "Une Nuit à Madrid." These two productions are sufficiently well known to render it unnecessary for us to analyse them. From this time, as we have said, Glinka worked little. The best thing he did during his last period is the "Kamarinskaia," a curious fantasia on popular Little-Russian motives. Continual physical suffering, invincible apathy combined with nervous excitement, a hypochondriacal frame of mind, perpetual instability of purpose, and a constant wish to travel, rendered his artistic existence at this period, a succession, as it were, of vain efforts and velleities without continuity and without result. We find him in 1848 at Warsaw, where he had an adventure which might have been attended by unpleasant circumstances. He tells us that, on going out one day with his companion Pedro, he met Prince Paskievitch,* Governor of the city. The Prince is the General famous for his victory at Kars, which he took with "golden bullets," and a diplomatist of authority, who said: "The Eastern Question is a box, the lid of which is in Vienna."

"He was on horseback," says Glinka, "and followed by an escort of Cossacks. I took off my travelling cap when I saw him, but Pedro, who did not know who he was, passed by without any salutation. Thereupon his most Serene Worship rushed on us and nearly knocked me down. This excited my indignation, and the reader will be prepared to learn that, not caring to be exposed to such bursts of uncurbed rage, I did all I could to leave Warsaw. But, being ill, I could not travel, so I stopped a short time longer. In the interval, the Prince, having heard who I was, attempted to atone for his act of brutality. He invited me several times to

dinner, always welcoming me most kindly, placing me by his side, and helping me to Kakessi wine, of which he knew I was very fond. Sometimes he asked me to conduct his orchestra."

In 1852, Glinka again set out for Spain, but stopped at the Pyrenees and turned back upon Paris, where he remained till the declaration of war between France and Russia. The spot he visited most during his second sojourn among us was the Jardin des Plantes. He was, perhaps, disgusted with his fellow creatures, and believed, no doubt, that the best part of man is the monkey-element in him. Was he altogether mistaken?

(To be continued.)

MUSIC AT THE ANTIPODES.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The musical events of the last month have been the pianoforte recitals at the Prince of Wales Operahouse by Mr Henry Ketten, pianist and composer, at present on a visit to Australia, and the opening of a new opera season. Mr Ketten's performances at the Operahouse extended over several weeks, and, although he appeared nightly and the entire programme each evening consisted of recitals by himself, the audiences were always large and enthusiastic. Mr Ketten's selections were varied and happy. Many of his own compositions being included. He gave a farewell performance in the Town Hall on the 17th inst., and is now performing in Geelong.

A season of Italian opera under the management of Mr William Saurin Lyster and another impresario, Signor D. De Vivo, was commenced in the Prince of Wales's on the 15th inst. The company comprised Mmes Gabriella Boema and Rose Hersee; Mdles Tamburini Coy and Margherita Venosta; Miss Bessie Royal; Signors Pietro Paladini, Leandro Coy and Pietro Favas; Messrs Armes Beaumont, G. Verdi, C. H. Templeton, Edmund Farley, G. A. Johnson and Whitworth.* The directors are Signor Alberto Zelman and Mr Charles Van Ghele. The repertoire includes *L'Africaine*, *Ugonotti*, *Rigoletto*, *Norma*, *Favorita*, *Traviata*, *Ballo in Maschera*, *Don Giovanni*, *Trovatore*, *Faust*, &c. The season opened with *L'Africaine* which was produced with every attention to detail. It was a great hit, the house being crowded night after night. The parts were filled as follows:—Nelusco, Mr Verdi; Selika, Mme Boema; Vasco di Gama, Signor Paladini; Don Alvar, Signor Coy; Don Pedro, Mr E Farley; Don Diego, Mr Whitworth; Grand Inquisitor, Mr Templeton; Ruiz, Mr G. A. Johnson; Anna, Miss Bessie Royal; Donna Inez, Signora Coy. To the singing of Mme Boema and Mr Verdi may be attributed a large part of the success. Meyerbeer's work was repeated on the 16th, 17th, 21st, and 22nd inst. *Norma* was presented on the 19th, Signor Boema giving an imposing interpretation of the part of the Druid priestess. Verdi's *Rigoletto* was produced on the 20th, with the following cast:—Il Duca, Signor Coy; Rigoletto, Mr Verdi; Monterone, Mr Whitworth; Sparafucile, Mr E. Farley; Borsa, Mr G. A. Johnson; Giovanna, Miss Royal; Madelina, Signora Venosta; Ghilda, Mme Hersee. Signor Coy sang very pleasingly the air "La donna e mobile," and Mme Hersee sang "Caro nome" with such taste and finished vocalization that she was rapturously applauded. Other favourite airs met with the warm approval of the audience. *Don Giovanni* and *La Favorita* are now in rehearsal. Many operas included in the repertoire of the present company have not been produced in Melbourne for years. So far, the season has been successful.

A complimentary concert to Mme Fanny Simonsen was given in the Town Hall on the 10th inst., at which Misses Leonora and Martina Simonsen were introduced to the Melbourne public. Besides the members of the Simonsen family, Mme Tascia, Signors Ortori and Bianchi, Messrs T. B. Moroney and Alfred Plumpton took part. Messrs Julius Hertz and Plumpton acted as conductors. J. T. L. F.

Melbourne, 23rd July, 1880.

* Any relation to our old favourite, Whitworth Jones, of Jullien—Berlioz—Sims Reeves—Dorus Gras—December, 1847—Lucia—Drury Lane memory? Is "G. Verdi" any relation to the illustrious composer of *Simone Boccanegra* and *Stiffelio*?—DR BUDGE.

* Called "Erivanski" for taking Erivan.

Mudfordiana.

TIMELY HINT FROM THE QUEEN.—Duke of Mudford, K.G., (i.e., Covent Garden): "To remind his Grace of the Order so much needed there." Thank your Majesty.

MUDFORDBURY IMPROVEMENTS.—While Mud-Salad Market glories and thrives in its filth, about five or six acres of land have been cleared in its immediate neighbourhood, and not a whisper is heard that one yard of this ground is to be devoted to the improvement of this metropolitan nuisance. The east side of Mudfordbury and other property has been pulled down, about 150 houses have been cleared away on the east side of Dreary Lane, and the papers inform us that these "extensive areas are now being built upon." How built upon? Warehouses, "residential chambers," the usual number of pot-houses, of course, and everything instead of supplementary markets, are doubtless in course of formation, but not a sign of even an extra dust-hole for the Ducal refuse. Three-and-Thirty Millions a year are collected and spent by our Local Rulers—to say nothing of our Eighty Millions of Imperial Taxation—and yet the centre of London is still a wilderness of rotten vegetable matter.

CONSTANTIN STERNBERG, THE RUSSIAN VIRTUOSO.

(From the "American Art Journal.")

Berlin, July 26, 1880.

M. Sternberg, who has just finished his course of a hundred concerts through Russia, Georgia, and Persia, has been engaged by Herr Colby, for a tour through America during the season of 1880-81. I understand that the contract calls for a hundred piano recitals, for which the virtuoso is to receive 40,000 marks. The news of his American trip has caused a ripple of excitement all through Germany. Two days before his engagement he was made a magnificent offer to go with a company to British India, China, Japan, and Australia, but he preferred to visit America, and was offered extra inducements which would tempt any virtuoso. As you may be somewhat unfamiliar with his powers, I deem the following impressions derived from his playing will not prove uninteresting to your readers, and that it will be doubly interesting to your subscribers in Germany who appreciate the Russian pianist and composer at his true value.

It was in the fall of 1879, in the city of Moscow, that I first saw M. Constantin Sternberg. Although I had read and heard much of him, I had formed no conception of the marvellous powers of this wonderful pianist. As he sits at the piano his head is thrown slightly forward, and his eyes flash with that dramatic fire and intense passion, mingled with sadness, that characterise this great genius. He commences with a deafening crash of chords, interspersed with lightning-like flashes of brilliant execution, followed by a perfect maze of intricate passages. The effect is electrical. He holds his audience spell-bound. Rage, anger, and fury are depicted in those stirring strains, as if some grand, noble soul that is imprisoned, and raging with grief and despair, were tearing madly at the cruel bars that withhold it from freedom and happiness. But, alas, in vain; for nevertheless shall those flashing, agonised eyes see the bright, fair world without, or that clear, blue sky, glimpses of which he can catch through the narrow iron-barred window, that admits one feeble ray of ghastly light into his loathsome cell.

What terrible anguish is thus pictured to the pitying hearts of the multitude! Then comes the *adagio*, sweet and sad. The fingers seem to caress and linger regretfully over every tone. The mournful tenderness that is expressed by those sympathetic fingers, gliding so slowly along, over that gentle supplicating prayer! You forget that you are in a concert-hall, filled with people, and involuntarily yield to the gentle pleading of the strain. A calm and holy influence enters your soul, and you feel at peace with all the world. At last it dies away in a plaintive chord, like a deep, long sigh that is wafted forth upon the soft breath of twilight zephyrs; and the *adagio* is ended. For a moment there is a sweet, solemn silence. Then he dashes forth upon the *allegro*. It is a bright, happy movement, and his fingers dance and bound through the merry strains. Delight is expressed in every tone. Now playful and sportive through a series of bewitching trills and staccato, as if whirling gleefully through fields of beautiful flowers or drifting swiftly over laughing summer seas, chanting a gay roundelay. He is nearing the end; the difficulties increase, but those long, slender fingers

never waver in the exciting *tempo*. Swifter and more rapidly the white fingers ply; one more passage and it is ended. The audience break forth into a perfect *furor* of applause, as with one accord they rise from their seats. The ladies wave their handkerchiefs, tear the flowers from their hair in a frenzy of delight, and for a moment there is a shower of floral offerings falling upon the stage; then high above the din and clamour is heard the cry of, "Bravo, bravo!" to the man who has succeeded in charming and so delighting them. One beautiful summer evening we called upon Sternberg. The doors were open, and, hearing the sound of music, we entered without knocking. The gas was not yet lighted, but the moonlight fell, in its soft radiance, through the wide-opened windows, illuminating the apartments with that mellow light which is so beautiful. We soon perceived that there was no one present but Sternberg, who was seated at the piano improvising. He did not notice us, so we sank noiselessly upon a low ottoman and listened to the enchanting scenes that he was so vividly depicting. Never was there heard anything more winning than those weird Russian melodies, with the quaint characteristic minor strains haunting them like a ghost of the past; or a restless spirit that is continually drawn to the scenes of its earthly unhappiness. We were soon wafted away to a land of mystery and romance, over towering massive mountains with their deep, dark caverns, where the gnomes and fairies dwell, by the tiny trickling stream upon whose banks they hold revel by the pale calm rays of the fair moon; where the sound of fairy voices is heard in sweet enchanting song, while they trip from flower to flower in their sportive plays; still further over dark and dismal valleys, where the wicked spirits are banished, by the banks of treacherous looking springs, where they lay their tricky snares to lure unsuspecting mortals on to grounds by them bewitched, there to torture them by cruel pranks and drive them mad at beholding horrible sights! Still farther there is a bleak and dreary heath; no sign of a habitation is to be seen; only dark and dismal loneliness. The rain falls down in an unceasing monotony, and but one sign of life is to be seen: standing in bold relief against the dull, heavy gray of the clouds and darkness of the purple heath is a solitary figure, that of a young girl. She is herding a flock of sheep. She is standing upright and motionless as a statue. Her long, inky-black hair falls unconfined in wet, dripping masses around her slender figure. The large, mournful black eyes are gazing into the far distance as if they would pierce the mysteries of those silent black hills that loom up before her; the little bare feet are blue with the cold, but she heeds it not. Her old, bright-hued plaid was soaked through with the driving rain. There was not a movement to mar the perfect harmony of the scene as it gradually faded away, and then came a deeper, richer chord, and with a wave of the enchanted wand we are transferred to one of those old feudal castles for which Russia is famous. The clash of arms resounded; wild cries filled the air, but they were not the savage cries of conflict, for the battle had been won. They were the glad, joyous shouts of victory, triumphant victory! Sternberg, thou hast won, and we hasten to pay homage to thee, as one of the greatest of masters, the proud wearer of a crown of genius. M.

To Canon Franz Liszt.

Pips from "Punch."

No. 1.

CURRIE-OUS DEFINITION.—A few days ago two Italian organ-grinders were charged at the Hammersmith Police Court with annoying the inhabitants of Notting Hill. Their defence was that a Mr Currie, one of the householders, encouraged their playing, "because he was fond of music." It seems, however, that this eccentric individual "appeared to be deaf." The two grinders were drawn for ten shillings a piece. The magistrate suggested that Mr Currie ought to pay the money. That made it hot even for Currie. Apparently, hardness of hearing is not taken as an excuse, and it is a satisfaction to know that a deaf man who encourages organ-grinding can, by a magistrate, be deaf-fined as a nuisance.

No. 2.

DOT-IN HIS EYE.—Mr Toole announces that at a *matinée*, Dot will be revived! Poor Dot! Is she to be revived for this once only? If so, it sounds likely to be a lame affair, or a Dot-and-go-one *matinée* performance. It ought to do more than that, as Caleb Plummer is one of our great tragedian's best parts.

No. 3.

THE EUROPEAN CONCERT (just now).—A Concertstück,

PROFESSIONAL AND AMATEUR VOCALISTS.

In music, as in other professions, it is hard to draw the line between the professional and the amateur, many who class themselves under the latter denomination, says the *Spectator*, being open to professional engagements when offered to them, but shielding themselves from criticism by calling themselves amateurs, even though accepting remuneration for their services. If inferiority to professional vocalists be all that is necessary to enable these semi-professionals to class themselves as amateurs, we think most of them come under that head, and so far for the present will take the term amateur to include all except those who make their living solely by singing in public, or by teaching.

It is generally accepted that all professionals are superior to amateurs, and *vice versa*. This is not necessarily the case; we certainly expect all professionals to come up to a certain standard, and although the average amateur could not be supposed to do the same, yet there is no reason why the exceptional amateur should not go far beyond it. Many amateurs have more leisure and means at their disposal than professionals, and can, even with the same natural ability, often surpass them with ease, so that while the very best artists are, generally speaking, those who have studied from infancy with a view to making music a profession, yet many of our most accomplished musicians are those who, having a love for music, and opportunity for developing their talents in the direction best suited to their natural taste, follow the bent of their inclinations without being hampered with conflicting pecuniary interests.

A professional vocalist is expected (besides having a good voice well trained and a proper appreciation of poetry and the force of language) to be thoroughly versed in musical notation and the rudiments of musical grammar; but to be "one of our leading amateurs," it is only necessary to have a good voice and tolerable ear, coupled with unlimited "self-reliance." A young gentleman gets a song at a music store, and goes to a teacher of singing for lessons. He is told that it will be necessary for him to learn to produce his notes properly and naturally, to sing an even scale, and to study articulation and pronunciation thoroughly, before attempting a song in public; that even having accomplished all this, he will only be singing by ear unless he study musical notation, and understand thoroughly the value of notes and rests. To all this he replies that he does not wish to sing like a professional (*i. e.*, correctly), but merely wishes to get one or two songs hammered on the piano till he picks up the tune and rhythm by ear. The teacher does not care to lose a class of pupils which constitutes his principal source of revenue, and so this style of thing is perpetuated, to the hindrance of artistic advancement and the great discomfort of those educated musicians who at times are forced to listen, in drawing-room or concert-hall, to those pseudo-musicians, who know no more of music as an art than they do of astronomy.

How frequently do we hear an amateur sing at a public concert before he can sustain a single note evenly throughout a bar of music; then we hear him breathe the just wherever nature suggests, frequently disconnecting words and phrases in the most unmeaning way; or where one syllable is written to several notes, giving it a different pronunciation on each note, and in many other ways showing clearly his ignorance of the first principles of the vocal art. Yet if he be the possessor of a fine voice, he is spoken of as a "talented amateur," and so puffed up by the encomiums of admiring friends and "what is said in the papers" (newspaper reporters' opinions being generally considered more important than that of the entire musical community) that he is above being taught or learning anything. These gentlemen never dream of counting time—that may do for school children, but not for solo singers. As a natural consequence they frequently get out, where the rhythm is not strongly marked, and let the accompanist follow them as best he may. Concerted music is rarely attempted by them, and when it is, it is generally "made hash" of; chorus singing is altogether beneath their dignity; and when they do, by special favour, condescend to become mere chorus singers, they invariably mar the whole performance. With a little education these vocalists would be valuable adjuncts to any musical organization; as it is, they are worse than useless, and it is surprising that so many can be found to applaud them.

There is another class of amateur vocalists to which we would call attention. There are certain ladies and gentlemen who have received a fair musical education, and who invariably sing both in time and tune, but who tumble through their song in a meaningless way, expressing nothing, and consequently taking up so much of their listeners' time for no reason whatever. These vocalists mean well, and would like to please their hearers, yet they frequently appear in public to interpret a song of which they barely know the tune, and could not sing a line of the words without the copy. Now, how can they expect people to feel interested in a song of

which they themselves do not know the meaning or import? Yet we frequently hear them stumble at the words, and even substituting those of a different meaning if similar in sound, talking at times the most utter nonsense. These singers wonder at the apathy of their audiences, and talk of their want of appreciation of "exquisite composition;" but the principal beauty of the composition probably lay in the fact that the music expressed the words fully and completely, and if the singer himself had a dim idea as to whether the song was about an earthquake, a summer sunset, or a lover's meeting, and simply sang the words as so many pegs to hang the music on, he could hardly expect his audience to be properly impressed. The words are the song, and not the music; and although a fine voice is necessary in every first-class vocalist, yet a due appreciation of poetry is just as necessary; and the clear and forcible expression of the words, by means of appropriate music should be the aim of all who would entertain or elevate their hearers.—*American Art Journal*.

WHO SHALL BE DEAN?

(From Anthony Dollop's "Beadle and Smallbeerjester.")

"Dean," he (Mattix) murmured to himself, as he looked at his watch, "*Je dîne chez elle*," and smiling at his own conceit, he brushed his hair, arranged his white tie, drew on his best gloves, and humming "My own, my guiding star!" set off in the direction of La Marchesa's Hotel, for at the Canon's request she had taken up her quarters at the well-known hostelry called the Crummet and Crozier, the best Inn in any Cathedral city in England. (Except the Fish and Volume, King and Beard, Service Tree and Sable, and Bee and Bottle.—Dr Bling.)

LEIPZIG.—Schrädick, Bolland, Thümer, and Schröder, constituting the "Gewandhaus Quartet," intend getting up concerts beyond the limits of this town. They are already engaged to give Quartet Evenings in Halle, Nordhausen, Merseburg, and elsewhere.

STRAND THEATRE.—A light and pretty operetta, in the "bouffe" style, as represented by Offenbach, Lecoq, Hervé, &c., has been produced at this theatre with marked success. The title of the operetta is *Olivette*; the authors of the piece (two heads would always seem to be regarded as better than one, in Paris, for such concoctions) are MM. Chivot and Duru; the composer of the music is M. Audran; and the compiler of the English version, Mr Farnie, an experienced hand in these matters. A detailed narration of the plot would take up more space than is at our disposal. We may say, however, that, while somewhat involved, it is always more or less amusing, and that for this reason its incongruities are not merely tolerated but applauded. *Olivette*, though brought up in a convent school, is by no means so thoroughly ingenuous as might be expected. She returns home to be wedded to a veteran naval captain, De Merrimac, having meanwhile become enamoured of Valentin, that captain's nephew. De Merrimac is the choice of her father, the Seneschal of Perpignan, but Valentin is the choice of her own heart. How she is saved from the one whom she has never seen, and gets married to the other, whom she has seen and loved, it is needless to tell; nor shall we be expected to describe the various incidents, both comic and diverting, that brings us, step by step, to the conventional climax. Enough that roars of laughter are elicited. M. Audran, composer of the music, is a son of the once popular tenor of that name, remembered by every frequenter of the Paris Opéra Comique. The composer of several operas, or rather operettas, M. Audran can lay claim to no signal success until the production of *Les Noces d'Olivette*, and even this has been chiefly a provincial one, inasmuch as the work comparatively failed in Paris. Nevertheless, it contains much taking and some really charming music. Always without pretension, it affords plentiful evidence of sure workmanship, and contains a fair admixture of the sentimental and the lively. The operetta is well put upon the stage, and what is of still more consequence, well cast. A more acceptable representative of *Olivette* than Miss Florence St John, who sings the music as well as she acts the part, could hardly be wished; and Miss Violet Cameron is extremely prepossessing as the Countess of Roussillon. The other leading characters are fairly supported by M. Marius (De Merrimac), Miss Emily Duncan, who, as Veloutine, shows that a small part can be made effective, Messrs Knight Aston (Valentin), De Lange, Ashley, and H. Parry. The performance generally, under the direction of Mr Hillier, is good; and, judging from the impression created on the first night, it is more than likely that *Olivette* will have a "run."—*Graphic*.

HER MAJESTY'S HAVERLEYS.

One of the best things in the Mastodon Minstrels' performance is the Champion Transformation Dance. The whole programme is certainly the most go-a-head Nigger Entertainment we've seen for some considerable time—varied as a kaleidoscope; never stopping; the Minstrel Boys taking encores in a sharp, business-like on-we-go-again sort of manner, sometimes on the stage, sometimes in the orchestra, giving themselves scanty breathing time, and the audience no thinking time, delighting everybody, specially the Antiquarian, who may here see the Mastodon, and study his original Bones.—Punch.

—o—
WAIFS.

Wagner's *Rienzi* is in rehearsal at the Politeama, Rome. THE "GREAT UNPAID."—The Irish Landlords.—Punch. The Gewandhaus Concerts, Leipsic, begin on the 7th October. Mad. Mallinger has been playing at the Theatre Royal, Munich. The Teatro Real, Madrid, re-opens in the early part of next month.

MUSICAL COLLEGE IN THE ISLE OF MAN.—The House of Keys.—Punch.

The Théâtre-Bellecour, Lyons, is for sale, at the starting price of 100,000 francs.

Mr Alberto Randegger has returned to town from his professional tour in Kent.

The Stadttheater, Königsberg, has been opened by the new manager with *Lohengrin*.

DANGEROUS OBSERVATION OF AN IRISH LANDLORD.—*In Game!*—Punch.

Miguel Golianna, once professor of harmony at the Conservatory, Madrid, died recently in that capital.

The grant of 60,000 francs hitherto accorded to the Teatro Vittorio Emanuele, Messina, has been revoked.

Seven free scholarships have been founded in Julius Stockhausen's Singing School, Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

Theodor Henschel's opera, *Die schöne Melusine*, is to be performed in January at the Stadttheater, Hamburg.

Laura Harris-Zagury has declined an engagement at the Royal Operahouse, Lisbon. (Why?—Dr Blügel.)

Signora Vitali and Sig. Pandolfini will sustain the chief characters in *Hamlet* at the Royal Operahouse, Lisbon.

A Concert Society, with an orchestra of more than a hundred performers, has been established in Barcelona.

Cairati, pupil of the Milan Conservatory, succeeds Zarini—engaged by Mr Mapleson—as chorus-master at the Scala.

Marchetti is composing the music of a new opera, *Ganelon*. (Let us hope it may be better than his *Ruy Blas*.—Dr Blügel.)

The *Nibelungen* Cycles will be repeated this winter at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna. ("Brown" will attend.—Dr Blügel.)

Boito's *Mefistofele* will be given during the New York season both by Mr Mapleson and Herr Strakosch. (Query?—Dr Blügel.)

The French Theatre is again to be opened in Cairo, the Khedive making M. Larose, the manager, a grant of £12,000 for the season.

Carl Heymann, pianist, has declined, for the present, an American engagement offered him by Herr Strakosch. (O Gemini!—Dr Blügel.)

Count Platen, Intendant-General of the Theatre Royal, Dresden, is taking some repose at his Holstein estate. Dr Bär represents him in his absence.

Mdlle Anna di Belocca is said to be engaged both at the Academy of Music, New York, and at Her Majesty's Theatre. Let us hope it may be true.

With the proceeds of a concert organized for the purpose, Mad. Ristori has erected at St Maurice a fountain, to be called the "Ristori Fountain."

Eduard Strauss with his band commenced, on the 18th inst., a series of concerts at the Hansaas, Hamburg. On the 7th November he returns to Vienna.

M. Staegemann, Royal Prussian Chamber Singer, and late manager of the Stadttheater, Königsberg, will make a concert-tour in November through East Prussia.

Reichmann, of the Theatre Royal, Munich, is engaged for a few nights at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna. (Can it be possible? Who's Reichmann?—Dr Blügel.)

Mr Mattix loved wildly, madly, furiously—nay, truly. La Marchesa did not love at all, but knew every move on the board. (Anthony Dollop's "Beadle.")

Mr Isidore de Lara's new operetta, *Wrong Notes*, is to be given at the Dilettante Circle on October 23. Mr de Lara himself will undertake the principal character.

Mdlle Marie Tescher, so successful lately on her tour in Italy with Naudin, is the daughter of Herr Tescher, formerly manager of the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Darmstadt.

The Theater an der Wien, Vienna, re-opens on the 1st October, when Herr J. Strauss's opera, *Das Spitzentuch der Königin*, will, for the first time, be played under his direction.

Should he have time after the production of his new operas in Germany, Anton Rubinstein may include Spain in his approaching concert-tour. (Of course he may.—Dr Blügel.)

Don Juan was recently performed for the first time at the Imperial Operahouse, Rio Janeiro, and—hissed off the stage. Wise Rio Janeiroans! (They prefer *Guarany*.—Dr Blügel.)

Hans von Bülow is somewhat better, but not well enough to take part professionally, as he intended, in the approaching concerts of Mad. Norman-Néruda, the "Violin Fairy," at Berlin.

Herr von Dingelstedt's state of health preventing him from entering on his duties as director of the Imperial Theatres, Vienna, he has applied for another six weeks' leave of absence.

Miss Kellogg will appear for two nights at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna: first as Leonore in *Il Trovatore* and secondly as Philine in *Mignon*. On both occasions she will sing in Italian.

Ronchetti-Monteviti, director of the Milan Conservatory, attended the inauguration of Bellini's statue in Catania. The Circolo Bellini have sent him the diploma of honorary membership, accompanied by a silver medal.

A concert was recently given in Kreuznach at which A. Bungert's overture to *Tasso*, "Prize Quartet," and several Songs were included. Bungert himself took part in the performance. (Impossible! Who's Bungert?—Dr Blügel.)

A short time since, about an hour after the performance, the Stadttheater, Altona, was struck by lightning and set on fire. By great exertions it was saved, but not till considerable damage had been done by the indispensable water.

MAD ESSISOFF.—Last night Mdlle Essisoff, who—since the retirement of Mdlle Arabella Goddard—has taken the highest place amongst lady pianists, made her first appearance this season, and was enthusiastically greeted. How superbly she played the piano-forte part in the Mendelssohn *Concerto* in G minor, the *Moto Perpetuo* of Weber, and a *Nocturne* by Chopin, it is needless to say. She sustained her high reputation, and will be the chief attraction during the six remaining nights of the season.—Observer, Sept. 19.

THAT'S GOOD.

(Improved from Punch.)

At a meeting of the Grammarian Society it was resolved:—"That that 'that' that that member placed after that other 'that' is that redundant that that 'that' shall be expunged."

SPA.—Le concert vocal et instrumental donné par Mademoiselle Victoria de Bunsen, avec le concours de M. Hollman et de la Symphonie, avait réuni vendredi soir, dans la grande salle du Casino, un monde choisi et élégant. Cette soirée musicale doit avoir satisfait les dilettanti les plus difficiles, les plus exigeants, car tous les morceaux du programme ont été exécutés supérieurement. La foule ne s'est pas montrée avare d'applaudissements pour Mlle de Bunsen, dont la voix puissante et habilement dirigée, est extrêmement sympathique, ni pour M. Hollman, artiste pour qui les difficultés de l'art semblent ne pas exister.—Journal de Spa.

HAMBURG.—The season at the Stadttheater was inaugurated with *Der Freischütz*, in which a new-comer, Mdlle Ida Jäger, made a favourable impression as Aennchen. Less successful was Mdlle Wild, from the Stadttheater, Leipsic, who aspires to the place vacated by Mad. Robinson, and appeared as Aida and Valentine. *La Juive* has been re-produced, with Mad. Prochaska as Rachel and Herr Winkelmann as Eleazar. The first of the promised novelties will be Holstein's *Haidenschacht*, to be followed in November by Rubinstein's *Demon* and Boito's *Mefistofele*.

VIENNA.—On the 9th inst., Mad Ehn appeared as Marguerite in *Faust* for the hundredth time at the Imperial Operahouse, having made her *début* there, in that character thirteen years ago, under the direction of Herr von Dingelstedt, the present manager. Mdlle Tremelli (formerly Mdlle Tremel), will return for two nights to the scene of her professional novitiate, to sing the part of Anneris in *Aida* and that of Fides in the *Prophète*. Herr Peschier, the tenor, is shortly expected from the Stadttheater, Hamburg. Cherubini's *Medea* is to be revived.—(Good. But who is to play the wife of Jason?—Dr Blügel.)

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